

The Gateway



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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1934

FOUR PAGES

Varsity's Third Period Rally Fails to Overcome Soops Lead

Varsity, Trailing 4-0 in Middle of Third Period, Scores 3 Goals in Last Eight Minutes—A Thrilling Finish

Varsity met the Soops for the second time at the Arena last night. They showed a marked improvement since their last game, and demonstrated they can score when they have to. The game was even in the first period, the ice being a little sticky, but in the second period the Superiors outplayed Varsity and put in three goals before Varsity could understand what it was all about. Joe Brown started the run of scoring for the Soops by putting in the first tally. Crossland gets credit for the second on a nice combination play, and then Brown repeated his performance for the third goal. Varsity were trying their best, but just couldn't seem to slip one in. The third period opened fast with both sides pressing. Lammie, a Superior player, broke through the Varsity defence to score on a rebound. With the score standing 4-0 with seven minutes left to play, Varsity took a new lease of life and got going. The Superiors drew several penalties, and Varsity put on the power play and commenced their scoring. Nick Woywitka shovled in the first, and then Stark took the prettiest goal of the night, barging through the Soop defence and beat Stuart all the way. Zender scored the third with less than two minutes to play. Varsity was playing every man up and came within inches of getting the tying goal. It was a thrilling finish to a real game. Dunlap, Stark, and Zender were the best of the Varsity lads, and the Brown brothers and Crossland were the threat for the Soops.

AUDIENCE ENJOYS BROADUS READING

Wolfe's "The Unceasential City" Proves Impressive Work of Art

An enraptured audience heard Dr. E. K. Broadus read and interpret selections from Humbert Wolfe's "The Unceasential City," and shared with him his delight in and sympathy with this very sincere poem.

Dr. Broadus opened his address, given Saturday evening in M.R.C. Auditorium, with a brief résumé of Mr. Wolfe's literary career, making special mention of his satiric epitaphs on contemporary figures, as Rudyard Kipling, and his poem "Resurrection" which won Wolfe popular acclaim when it was published in 1927. Dr. Broadus then proceeded to deal with that extraordinary work, "The Unceasential City," published in 1930.

Mr. Justice Crayfish, the central figure, has just died, and as he stands before the gates of the celestial city he is filled with wonder, for he hears no sound of trumpet or of singing; he feels as though he were dreaming and about to awaken into a beautiful spring morning. Suddenly he perceives a man standing near him, who seems vaguely familiar. The stranger tells him that to gain admittance to the celestial city John Crayfish will have to retrace his steps in the Unceasential City, London. But as Mr. Crayfish turns sadly away, the stranger promises him that he need not go on this journey alone, but that he will accompany him and play his fiddle—immortal music—to strengthen and guide him.

We follow Mr. Crayfish through his Oxford career, when he is trying to fathom the meaning and purpose of life. We see him next as a rising young lawyer suffering from his first love affair (here is interposed a beautiful song, "Love Quits the Stage"), replaced soon by friendship, and a marriage de convenience. He grows rich and prosperous. As he becomes more materialistic and callous, he vaguely hears the song of the fiddler calling him to remember, and to judge as he will be judged.

Next come the incidents of his legal profession—the sencence of Kitty for accosting a man in spring, where in a fit of rebellion he imagines himself accusing the judge of sentencing God and Spring instead of punishing the foolish young and pretty Kitty; the arrest of the poet Jenks, and finally, the murder case of James Jakes, which forms the climax of the poem.

Few in the audience will forget the appealing beauty of the abandoned wife's reflections on the child that might have been, and that tensely dramatic scene where Mr. Justice Crayfish, sitting in his musty law chambers while "like black Arabian slaves, fog shadows grovel at his feet," is confronted by the withered old char seeking to explain in terms of life the actions of her condemned son.

The poem ends with the song of "The Bells in the Strand." We do not know if Mr. Crayfish wins the celestial city, but we hope as we listen to the solemn beauty and the mellow cadence of the phrases that he has attained his reward.

In conclusion, Dr. Broadus declared that while the poem might never gain immortality, yet he held it equal to any contemporary long poem in originality, variety and sincerity.

LECTURES IN CALGARY



DR. BROADUS

Who Saturday addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at the Junior College in Calgary. Dr. Broadus read Humbert Wolfe's "The Unceasential City."

GLASSMAKING IS SUBJECT OF TALK

On Wednesday, Dec. 5th, at the regular meeting of the Chemical Society, Mr. Jack Tracy presented a paper on "Glass." Mr. Tracy briefly outlined the historical significance of glass, tracing its biography from early Phoenician times to the present day. By the clever use of charts and tables Mr. Tracy made clear the intricate composition of various types of glass which are used today in commerce. Glass, to be of commercial value, must have certain very definite physical properties. These may be briefly summed up as follows: the glass must take a smooth polish; be free from bubbles and impurities; have a definite refractive index; be free from foreign coloring matter; possess no internal strain; and be of a certain elasticity. In describing the actual manufacture of glass, Mr. Tracy explained how the charge was first preheated in small furnaces and then charged slowly to larger furnaces where the temperature was raised high enough to expel all air from the molten mass, the time of heating being anywhere from 36 to 60 hours. During this "heat," sample portions are removed at regular intervals and tested. To insure a homogeneous mixture, the molten mass is kept stirred by means of a fireclay cylinder suspended from the end of a detachable iron bar which is manipulated by hand from the front of the furnace. The glass is allowed to cool until it becomes hard to stir and then the furnace is sealed up and allowed to cool for several weeks, after which time the crucible or furnace wall is broken down and the resultant mass of glass subsequently heated and moulded to the approximate sizes and shapes required. These mouldings are examined for defects and if satisfactory, polished and placed on the market as finished products.

Mr. Tracy then went on to explain the various special glasses which are made and used today, indicating their special properties which make them desirable and in each case briefly covering their manufacture. The substances used to color glass were outlined, the difficulties involved in the control of such coloring, and the effects of coloring matter on the optical properties of the glass were set forth in a very clear and impressive manner. By way of introduction to the films which followed, Mr. Tracy dealt briefly with the manufacture, properties and uses of the commercial glasses known as "Safety Glass" and "Armour Plate." The films themselves were extremely interesting, showing the processes of manufacture which Mr. Tracy so ably outlined.

ATTENTION, ENGINEERS!
A meeting of the Household Economics Club is being held on Thursday, December 13, at 4:30 p.m., at the apartment of the honorary president, Mrs. MacEachran, in Assinibola Hall. Miss Hazel McIntyre will speak on the Household Economics Convention in New York. All students of Household Economics are invited to attend.

GATEWAY-UNION SQUABBLE SETTLED

Enforcement Committee Finds No One Broke Typewriter

The case of the broken typewriter has come to an end. The Enforcement Committee in a written judgment delivered Tuesday decided that the typewriter wasn't broken by a member of The Gateway staff, but the machine in question had just worn out and broke of its own free will and accord. The most important part of the judgment was the decision that although The Gateway was under the control of the Council, which no person has ever questioned, the President of the Union would not censor the news that goes into the paper or dictate the policy. This of course is the only reasonable way that a University undergraduate paper can be managed.

The really interesting feature of the case was the childlessness shown by the litigants. At one moment the whole Gateway staff had resigned although it was never discovered just why the resignation and most likely never will be. The Publicity Department offered to step into the breach and edit the paper—resignations not accepted. The responsible officers of the Union never did show any capacity for grasping the facts of the case, and are most likely still wondering what happened. The Council passed resolutions concerning how the case was to be tried and who was to win with their usual lack of knowledge of what they were voting for. Now at their next meeting they can pass more resolutions in an attempt to extricate themselves. Undoubtedly they will just get themselves into a bind.

The affair is the only one that came out of the affair with any dignity left, and their supply is practically inexhaustible.

At least it was proven they served a useful function in settling such disputes, which they did judiciously and well. The upshot of the whole case is that anybody who knows anything about it will retain a discreet silence. The affair ended by the President of the Union and Editor of The Gateway going to a show on a Gateway pass, the President of the Union paying the tax.

IVAR KREUGER TO BE EXPOSED!

E. A. Corbett to Address Philosophical Society on Concentration of Power

On Wednesday evening Mr. E. A. Corbett, Director of the Department of Extension of the University, will deliver a paper before the Philosophical Society entitled "Ivar Kreuger and the Concentration of Power."

This will be a logical sequel to Mr. Elmer Roper's excellent paper of last month. It will be an attempt to describe the time-honored method by which, to quote Mr. Roper, "Two per cent. of our population manages to obtain control of sixty per cent. of our national wealth," or to quote Secretary Hickes of the Roosevelt Cabinet, "The way in which society is organized so as to compel 90 per cent. of the people to live on a mere pittance in order that 10 per cent. may have more than they can possibly use."

Ivar Kreuger was, without any doubt at all, the greatest figure international finance has ever known, and Mr. Corbett's paper will deal with his life and activities as an exposition of the extraordinary trickery by which this type of concentration is sometimes achieved, and secondly an exposition of the amazing negligence of international investment banking as developed and practised in Wall Street during the past half-century.

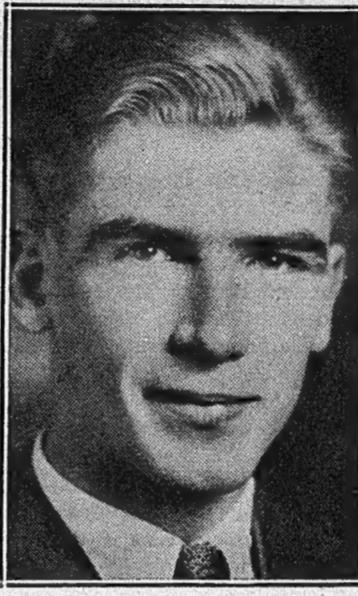
CERCLE FRANCAIS TO PRESENT PLAY

Thursday, December 13, will see the production of a sparkling comedy, "La Fiancée du Cambrioleur," by the Cercle Français. "Cambrioleur" denotes crook, sharper, confidence man, etc., etc. However, be not alarmed, for this is no gangster play. For our cambrioleur is really no crook at all, but only a young man very much in love. Which is nearly as bad, or even worse.

It all starts with Jeannie. She is different; the man who captures her heart must also be different, she affirms. He must be a man like Casimir Loupillo, the gentleman crook, le gentilhomme — cambrioleur. And so the Vicomte Adalbert de Trescalan, who is the aforementioned young man in love decides that he will be Casimir Loupillo. And being nothing if not enterprising, he immediately begins to lift a few valuables. However, there is a hitch: he is reported by a dirty low stool-pigeon of a valet. All ends happily though, and Jeannie and Adalbert finally get together.

This promises to be good; you should see it. Thursday, at 4:30, in St. Joe's. And tea, as per usual.

ANNOUNCES DECISION



HUGH ARNOLD

Who, as chairman of the new Enforcement Committee, amicably settled the typewriter dispute between The Gateway and Students' Council.

RESIDENCE BANQUET FOR MUNCHERS

Opener of Christmas Festivities Saturday Evening in Athabasca Hall

On Saturday evening, Dec. 15, the students in Athabasca, Assinibola and Penibina residences will enjoy their annual Christmas banquet. This one gay evening which they remember all year comes just in time to divert them from the serious business of last-minute cramming. The banquet commences at 6:30 in the Athabasca dining hall, and is immediately followed by a dance.

The banquet is under the auspices of the House Committee and the management of the residences, and of course the dance afterwards is a very colorful affair.

The tables are lit with candles and sprigs of holly are spread in many places. Although popularly in demand, it is extremely doubtful whether mistletoe will be used for decorative purposes. Each person has on her own menu, and of course gets it covered with autographs. After a very hearty meal, during which all the "crackers" are pulled and trinkets discovered, there will be toasts, and some of the distinguished guests will say a few words.

Among those whom we hope will be present are: Our President, Dr. Wallace, the Premier of our Province, Mr. Reid, and the Minister of our Province, the Honorable Perrin Baker. Their wives will of course also be there.

An extra large crowd is expected this year, and preparations are under way to accommodate them all.

FETING BUDDHA GLORIOUS PROM

Bill Scott Conceived It. Worked It. Presented It—We Duly Praise Him

Through the portals of Athabasca, for one brief evening, gateway to the Orient, flowed the pleasure-seekers to the far east. Fragrant incense pervaded the atmosphere and the subdued light from myriads of Japanese lanterns shone softly on the gay and glittering company. The Great Buddha, green and mysterious, stared out over the sea of dancers with inscrutable gaze. Neither the syncopated whisps of the trombone nor the soft whisps of the saxophones struck a spark from those unfathomable eyes. Golden dragons glittered fiercely on their black silken tapestries, and Chinese characters covered the walls. The Oriental motif was carried out even to the yellow programs emblazoned with red dragons. But the continuity was broken when the men received white carnations—what! no lotus blossoms?

Many out-of-town guests were present, boy friends or girl friends, invited on purpose to the Prom, according to tradition. During the evening several flashlight pictures were taken, and at the request to face the camera at the end of the dance, there would be practically a stampede towards the designated corner. Possibly the many nice gowns and exclusive creations, worn for the first time and in honor of this very Prom, is one explanation. The dance music, by John Bowman and his orchestra, was broadcast at 11:30. It was necessary to serve two suppers to take care of the two hundred and fifty couples present, but this relieved the congestion on the dance floor for a short interval. The orchestra seized the opportunity to play "Chinatown, My Chinatown" and other selections of a corresponding tempo. The two song numbers by Miss Josephine Carrigan were enthusiastically received.

Another Prom has been successfully staged by the Junior Class and meas-

Socialization of Individual Is Modern Trend in Russia

Godless Russia is Doing More Than Any Christian Country For Freedom and Tolerance

Dr. Willard Brewing, member of the Sherwood Eddy expedition to Russia and noted speaker on conditions in that country, was the guest speaker presented Monday afternoon by the S.C.M. Dr. Brewing's short talk dealt with the home life in Russia, or rather the lack of it, the educational system and religion.

From the time of birth the individual lives for one purpose—the good of the state. The complete care, training and education of the child is taken over by the state. This of course banishes home life, but this is the desire of the government, as home life is inclined towards class distinction and class distinction has no place in the Soviet State.

Russia is culture mad, and the education of each child includes a complete university education, and an unlimited opportunity to develop any particular talent. More than this, however, Russia has gone a step farther. The responsibility of the state does not end with a degree. A carefully prepared field wherein he may use the education he has acquired awaits each student. Enormous expenditures have of course been necessary to bring about this condition, but in return the state literally possesses the individual talent, and they are put only to uses approved by the Soviet. From great mass illiteracy, Russia has in fifteen years lowered the per cent. of illiteracy to thirty per cent. This condition naturally leaves us with the question: Will it work? Will personal and individual initiative ever be really moulded into social initiative?

Freedom of speech and of the press is encouraged except where the underlying principles of Communism are concerned. Criticism of them, however, is not tolerated. Churches may hold services as long as they do not teach; that is, there are no Sunday schools or seminaries, and in Moscow, of six hundred churches, only one hundred remain. Russia is frankly anti-religious and the queer paradox of the Soviet State is the surging attempt to establish a righteous order without a spirit of righteousness behind it.

What we call charity—camps for poor children, care of the aged and social welfare—is not charity in Russia. It is just another function of the state carried on by the state. Everywhere religion and communism are fighting it out. Russia is making a bold effort to build the superstructure of the social idea, which is the soul of Christianity, without God and without religion. The brotherhood of man is being lived in Russia under the name of Social Equality. People work and deny themselves to gain admittance to the Communistic party. Every year they are challenged—"What have you done for Communism?" and if they have not done anything they are dropped from the party. At least Godless Russia is striving for a righteous order, which is more than any so-called Christian nation is doing.

At the conclusion of his talk, Dr. Brewing gave the students an opportunity to ask questions, and a number of very interesting questions were brought up, but the lack of time prevented a very complete discussion of them.

ORIENTAL ESCAPADES



THE JUNIOR PROMENADE

A scene snapped at the gala ball of Friday last, with John Bowman and his cohorts performing under the watchful eyes of the Oriental Deity. Puzzle—Find yourself.

IVAR KREUGER PHILOSOPH SUBJECT TONIGHT



THE GATEWAY

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Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

Editor-in-Chief Douglas McDermid
Associate Editors: Chris. Jackson, William Epstein, Chas. Perkins

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THE JUNIOR PROMENADE

The best Junior Prom of years has come and gone. As usual the floor was a trifle crowded at times, but not nearly so much so as in former years. Despite the decrease in income resulting from a smaller crowd, the Prom didn't suffer. The decorations were exceptional, and the lounge especially showed that a tremendous amount of work had been spent on it. White carnations for the gentlemen is an innovation. Whether we think it is wise or not, at least it is must be admitted the Junior Executive attempted to make their dance new and different from former years. The Queen of the Junior Prom thought was ill-conceived, "a Joe-college" idea that fortunately didn't succeed. The Junior Executive this year have shown a laudable zest and energy in arranging their dance which will make it hard for succeeding years to beat.

STUDENT POLITICAL THINKING

All paths lead to socialism, be it by the way of state capitalism, the code system or revolution. It is inevitable, for it is progress; it has the most ideal philosophy behind it of any political system yet evolved, and its organization of society as prophesied will more closely approach ideal justice than any other way of life conceived by man. It is optimistic; it believes in the good that is in even the lowest of humanity. It accepts and advocates the tenets of Christ and instils a religious fervour into its followers.

The majority of students entering University have a very slight acquaintanceship with socialism. A few shreds of the odium that used to cover the name still hang to it, and a mention of the word to the freshman will bring such associations as the Russian paid agitator, the under-dog and the unsuccessful. University brings a rude awakening. The student realizes the greatness of socialistic theory and discovers that many of its advocates are astute thinkers and members of the intelligentsia. His sympathies are called on, and his enthusiasm starts him in pursuit of justice, truth and equality. He wants to adopt the magnificent ideals behind the theory, and believe in the capacity of his fellow men to lead a good life in society.

The freshman thinks the need for socialism seems so apparent, the paradox of want and plenty so senseless, that he wonders why this now social theory isn't immediately put into practice. "The Case for Socialism" is presented and increases the dissatisfaction with the present political and economic structure, but the question still remains: how is the transformation to be brought about? The platforms of the parties who support socialism don't give us any help. They are as useless as the platforms of the old political parties. The student wants to know what these socialistic groups would do if they obtained power, and how they would do it. He obtains no aid anywhere, and is driven back to the old line parties, for at least he knows that despite their election promises they in all likelihood won't do anything while he is completely in the dark as to just what startling charges the new parties would make, how they would make them, and what the results would be.

This is what is happening to University students. They would like to see the socialistic system put into practice, they believe in its theory and honor its idealism. Most students are socialistic in theory and in their early years in practice. They are being driven away from socialistic parties because they cannot discover what its advocates would do—it is the fear of the unknown that sends them back to the older parties. They feel they must await the coming of socialism through slow evolutionary progress, and that man will only attain it through the trial and war method.

The student who can think himself through to the radical position and feel that it is worth striving for despite the material and intellectual difficulties he will be faced with, only praise is to be given him. The majority of us are not capable of this; we cannot, or will not, think for ourselves, nor will we sacrifice ourselves for an ideal no matter what benefits may accrue to succeeding generations. We must be shown where we are going, and we will not let political convictions interfere with our wordly success.

Dr. Hardy—Translate, Atra cura post equitem sedet.
Bernice Smith—After horse exercise the dark lady sits down carefully.

McKenzie—You would like my Uncle McTavish.
McDonald—What happened to him?

McKenzie—When he was in the war he just couldn't bear to throw anything away, and he hung on to a hand grenade.

BLESSED EVENTS

It takes the women to infuse a little excitement into the Open Forum. They didn't waste words and time defining terms and presenting well-organized briefs—they let their garb do that! And for once the Forum was interesting and entertaining.

Perhaps the most really convincing arguments are those that are put across in a wise-crack. Nobody remembers the logical statistical statements made by stodgy speakers who care more for fact than fancy. The purely factual material may be irrefutable, but the quips live on and on. What earthly difference does it make who wins the debate? A person who can think quickly and speak amusingly is a rare treasure in these days of serious-minded profundity.

Too bad that the distribution of scholarship candidates is so patchy! So many fine all-round students must lose out in a year when all are excellent—whereas in another year they would be outstanding.

This business of photographing the Prom crowd at all sorts of odd times, and without warning! You dare not risk a languishing look at your partner without visualizing a cut in the Year Book which lays your soul bare for the world to see. Can you imagine Mr. Arnold or Mr. Bierwagen caught unawares with a calf-like expression, realizing that they are only human after all? Sacrifile!

The mere co-ed who looks so business-like at zoology lectures and math. labs., takes on a quaint charm and appealing loveliness in her long formal dress. The fashion for graceful evening gowns is the last stronghold of romance—and even the glamorous illusion is dispelled by the thought of some callous professor's final at 8:30 the next morning.

The next couple you see wriggling worm-like across a dance-floor are just trying the new dance hit, "The Continental," from "The Gay Divorcee." It has everything: rhythm, fire, passion! "The Gay Divorcee" is a clever, frothy, bit of nonsense, with catchy songs and dances that would inspire even an oil engineer or pedantic lawyer to cavort gaily.

So now the door of Pembina is to be locked at 11:30. The co-ed must be growing fraiser—or the University man more dangerous!

Quite by chance we stumbled the other day on a piece of intelligence, the revelation of which can hardly help but bring the deepest satisfaction and joy to the whole world. As for ourselves, when the full significance of the truth burst upon us, we became immediately sorry for having felt so bitterly, in the past few months, towards professors and learned men generally. We had long been aware of the fact that civilization was tottering on the verge of collapse, and had expected these guardians of historic wisdom, these founts of modern knowledge, to tell us that they could save us. We said nasty things about them (unjustly it now appears) when they refused to do so. Well, our excuse is that we didn't know how much they really had our interests at heart. With characteristic unassuming modesty they have been laboring all the time, and have all but solved every problem of civilization. It is with great pleasure that we announce to the citizens of the civilized world that the results of these labors will soon be apparent, and may in fact be hourly expected.

Briefly, the fact are these: Our professors and thinkers realized as soon as the problem of saving the world for people was presented to them that there was enough knowledge extant in the writings of history's great men to fuse with the modern scientific subjugation of natural forces for the purpose of establishing a human society which would outdo even the most sanguine dreams of Utopians. But they saw farther than this. They saw that the sun is due to wear itself out in a few billions of years, which means that human life must inevitably cease to be, some time or other. Well, why unload the unpleasant process of race extinction on our poor innocent progeny? Since futility is the only goal ahead, why bother to go on? And at best, the prospect of freezing to death is not pleasant. As one scientist said, "I would personally rather starve than freeze. And I would rather be blown up suddenly with a bomb than starve."

It was plain to all but a stubborn few that the only sporting thing to do was to commit racial suicide. And it was also obvious that the quickest way to accomplish this would be to give free rein to human nature. Nature alone could not be relied upon to bring about the desired result, for nature is not aware of man's existence. But human nature can be relied upon. So it was decided to bottle up all the wisdom and common-sense in existence at the time and stand guard over it while the rapid process of destruction went ahead. The bottling up job was simple. Most of the wisdom of the ancients was already securely locked away in thousands of deadly dialectical paragraphs whose obscurity is so intense that only metaphysicians and octogenarians stand any chance of getting at the fundamentals therein contained. These writings, even though translated into English, were left in libraries in their entirety, for this latter fact insured that they would not be read by the general public, and no one had ever been able to interpret them intelligibly. Modern thought itself was wrapped in such a dense fog of formulae and abstruse symbolism as to deny understanding by any but an elect few, who would be intellectual enough to be far above such bad form as to try and give the principles any relation to human values or attempt to apply them towards the saving of this generation.

Having adopted this policy, the savants of our time at once put it into effect. There had never been a really widespread demand before on the part of the people to



NOTES

from Other U's

Corn Flakes Preferred by Students

Most university students have a bank account, spend \$25 for a suit, drink Coco-Cola, read the "Readers Digest" and are bad spellers. At least those facts were the most apparent in the result of the questionnaire printed in the Ubyssey last week. The hundred answers can be taken as fairly representative of the undergrads at U.B.C.

The question regarding reading matter brought rather standard answers. The 17 women who answered preferred "Good Housekeeping," "Readers Digest" and "Liberty." All of them read the daily papers, but they only spent twenty minutes a day at them, while the men devoted at least half an hour daily with their papers. The masculine choice of magazines tallied with the feminine except that "The Saturday Evening Post" came in second choice.

Most students prefer corn flakes and similar light foods for breakfast. A few exceptions to the general rule were seen in such choices as "kippered herrings, bacon, eggs and waffles."

Spelling mistakes were the rule rather than the exception in the answers submitted. At least ten different ways of spelling "Nugget" were given. One co-ed preferred "Gripe Nuts" for breakfast while a freshman cleans his teeth with "Popsdone."

There was a great assortment of dentifrices used. No one brand had a definite lead over another, which most likely means that students have different radio favorites.

Beauty aids cost co-eds anywhere from 50c to \$6.00 monthly. Maybe the men can question this fact, but answers is answers!

The question regarding drinks gave the following favorites: Ginger Ale, Coco-Cola, Beer (male only), and Milk Shakes.

It is probably reassuring to note, in conclusion, that nearly all the students have both bank accounts and insurance policies—Ubyssey.

Female Beauty

Our women undergraduates who have from time to time been cut to the heart by the slurs cast on the comeliness of University women can take consolation in the fact that such sallies are not found in Sydney alone. The following is the result of a Californian inspection. One admires the courage of the Californian sub-editor who wrote it.

"We decided to see for ourselves whether Californian women are really good looking.

We sat as a jury of eight men, fearless, unbiased, good honest Americans. Our finding exploded the idea that Californian women are Hollywood material. That's a myth.

The fact is that out of every 32 of you, only one is good-looking, has charm, personality, everything! The rest of you dress wearers—well, you are classed either as 'fair' or 'bad'—and most of you are BAD.

In grading the local female population, the gentlemen of the jury used the three classifications mentioned above—good, fair and bad.

1. A 'good' girl is one you would take to a dance.

2. A 'fair' girl is one you might take to a show—provided the lights don't go on.

3. Girls listed as 'bad' (350 out of 422) would not be suitable to take to a dog fight even if you knew both the dogs."—Hon. Soit.

Winter's Tale

The little dog sat on the ice and slowly wagged his tail. The air was cold, the ice was cold—but still he wagged his tail. From the blue and distant hills there arose a long thin stream of smoke from the boy scout's camp-fire where they calmly toasted and ate frankfurters for their lunch.

The little dog sat on the ice and slowly wagged his tail. On the almost deserted street a passing urchin stooped to pick up a cigarette butt, then turned up his collar and ran off. The dead leaves stopped up the gutter and the trees were as brown and bare as an all day suckerstick over a week old.

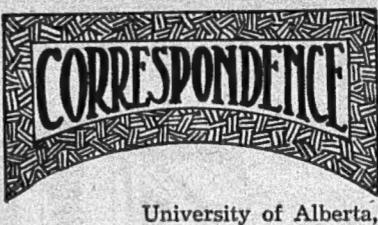
The little dog sat on the ice and slowly wagged his tail. He soon got up and walked away. "My tale is told," said he.—Argosy Weekly.

Bargain for Meds—Skeleton For Sale

Can there be romance hidden in a Varsity ad? Here's proof that Varsity ads merit reading, more than careless scrutiny. Yesterday's ad for the sale of a skeleton gave us a story which implies romance plus. A lonely widow up in the St. Clair-Bathurst district "wants to get rid of the skeleton." Her husband, a one-time medical graduate of U. of T. (year unknown), once used this, either in his practise or studies. Here's a chance for a budding physician to get a skeleton with a history (and perhaps a bit of coaxing may get a closet). There's a skull, arms and legs, all for a very nominal sum; in fact, it's cheap at half the price.

This heirloom isn't all in one piece, mind you. It will have to be sorted brought together for purposes of study. But it's used to being studied by now, we're sure, and won't mind in the least a change of locale. We don't know its history or its name, but we can vouch for its character.—The Varsity.

have knowledge brought down to earth. It had been left to the mental gymnasts, who were people one thought must be good because they were so profound. And now that there was a hue and cry for help from them, they had a good way of answering. It was a noble way, for as usual, they would be misunderstood, and further they must perish with the masses. We do not like to see true worth go unrewarded, and so we are pleased to have been the instrument of discovery of this great and noble work, and we hope that the general public will not be slow to applaud.



CORRESPONDENCE

University of Alberta,

December 10, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—Without entertaining the slightest desire to embark on a further discussion of war versus peace, since the embattled warrois of our University always insist on taking it as a personal affront if any one ventures to suggest that peace is a desirable end and also one capable of being achieved by mankind, may I say as a professional classicist and teacher of ancient history that, while Scio may be a correct signature to certain parts of letters recently appearing in this column, to all those portions relating to Greek and Roman history the proper pseudonym to attach would be Nescio? It would hardly be possible for a letter on war in the ancient Mediterranean civilizations to contain more errors in an equal space than that of Scio in last Friday's issue. If he has the leisure and the inclination there are two opposite courses offered in this University, Ancient History 52 and 53, which are both open with a wide welcome to Scio. I am assuming that he has not taken them; it would be too terrible to be obliged to postulate that he had done so and learned so little.

Very truly yours,
W. H. ALEXANDER.

P.S.—Like Scio, I am always troubled by typographical errors, and I would

NOTICE

Just a reminder that H. E. Spencer, M.P., will address the Economic Reconstruction Group on Wednesday at 4:30 in the basement of the Tuck Shop. The topic is, "Socialisation of Finance: How can it be done?" Comparison of C.C.F. and Social Credit proposals will be given. If you are interested we welcome you to attend.

not like to bet that you are likely to print that word "apposite" correctly—indeed quite the "opposite."—W.H.A.

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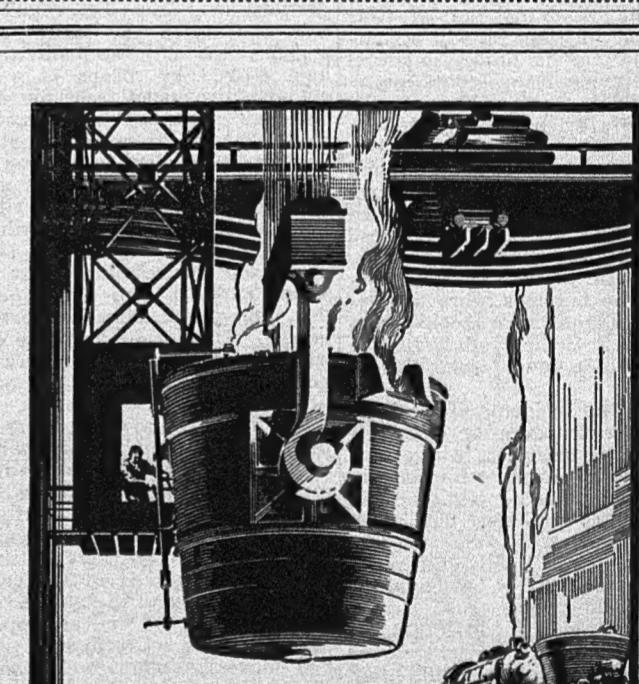
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CO-ED COLUMNS

EDUCATION TAKES UP BEAUTY

At last colleges are recognizing the fundamentals of feminine happiness and the college girl may forever outshine her non-collegiate sister. Columbia University's Home Service Institute is going to teach beauty to women. It will teach a girl how to dress to make the most of her good points. The drooping mouth must be made to appear not so drooping by the method of dress and the hat. Square noses can be made more attractive. Hips that are too hippy can appear less and the unhappy hips can be hippyized if the stripes of the dress are right for said hips.

Prof. Lillian Locke of the new department explains there are five principles to be applied in dressing. These repetition, opposition, transition, subordination and symmetry. With these principles properly applied the poor girl may be almost a princess, and if not applied properly the princess may be just a girl. And one may dress to bring out personality, too.

—Canadian Statesman.

SPORTETTES

Varsity's women hockey chances of scoring have been predicted many a time this season by what we are led to believe must be either an astrologer (judging by the way he shows up his lack of mathematical knowledge) or else a second Crystal Gentleman. If the aforementioned gentleman has as little first-hand information on sports as he has of the method of mathematical prediction, we pity the Sports Page.

After all hockey, we are told, is a defensive game, as so according to our mathematical knowledge the game should be judged on the basis of how many pucks are kept out of the net as well as on the basis of how many go into the net. If our venerable astrologer, who seems to make a practice of shadowing the girl hockey enthusiasts, were to look up the score for a few years back, he would find that the pucksters efforts have not been altogether unsuccessful in improving their defensive plays. Perhaps Mr. Malone will soon see the co-eds making the best of scoring breaks and going in to shoot like veterans. Keep a look out, Mr. Malone.

THE THEATRES

STRAND THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Friday, Dec. 12, 13, 14—Ann Harding and Brian Ahern in "The Fountain."

EMPEROR THEATRE, Thurs., Friday, Sat., Dec. 13, 14, 15—Binnie Barnes in "One Exciting Adventure" and Buck Jones in "When a Man Sees Red."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Friday, Dec. 12, 13, 14—Diana Wynyard in "Where Sinners Meet" and Gracie Fields in "This Week of Grace."

FOR LADIES ONLY

By Helen Sangster

With bitter smile and trenchant pen I write this rhyme concerning men;

They rate no paean sung to lutes, Nor other need of praise, the brutes;

Nor while they heedless trample on A girls' illusions till they're gone,

Nor while with lack of kindly thought They criticize the clothes she's bought.

To men an anniversary Is scarcely worth their cursory

Attention. In an argument They think they are omniscient.

And, worse than all their fume and fuss, They leave the bathroom in a muss.

Yet men, the virtuous and vicious, Are just a habit that's pernicious;

This human masculinity Though modelled on divinity

(Some say), may be for all its shape Naught but a higher kind of ape.

So, never be a sycophant To any man; be nonchalant;

The more of them you get to see, The less bedazzled you will be.

I'd cut them out if I were you.

—A thing, alas! I cannot do.

—Toronto Saturday Night.

SO WHAT?

"Last night I held a little hand, So dainty and so neat; Methinks my heart would sudden burst, So wildly did it beat. Little hand I held last night It was a wondrous thing, O, little hand I held last night, Four aces and a king." —Ex.

Patient—Say, I can't eat this stuff. Call the head dietitian.

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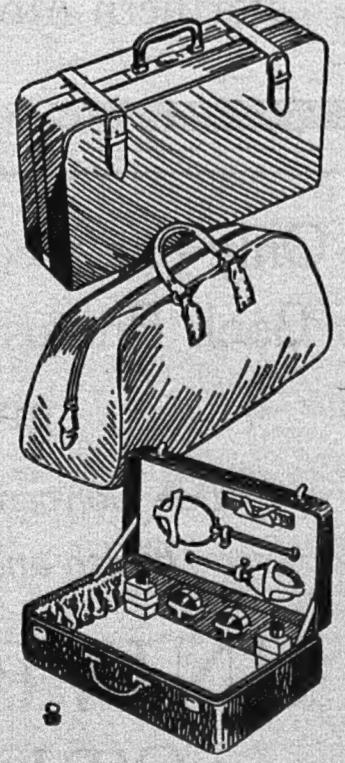
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FROM 7 TO 7

WOMAN

(With apologies to Bacon)

"Woman is a side-issue of man!" said Moses, the first scientist—or words to that effect. But nowadays we are coming to suspect that she is the main works, the principal tent, the supreme and transcendent regulator of domestic destinies. Surely in these days of female suffrage, female oratory and female enlightenment, man is but a worm and the son of a worm, fit only to balance the family budget and hearken humbly to dinner-table lectures.

Yet the cynic dieth hard; scandal will out; and the treacherous evidence of woman against woman destroyeth the angelic idol with its feet of talcum powder. Verily, said one, her eloquence is but facile sound without sense, the fairy flutterings of a finely-finished fanning-mill. Yea, echoeth another, even her face is not like her own but is a synthesis of a myriad marvels grounded on clays, powdered into pallor, and tinted into tenderness and the rosy dawn of the Siren Islands. Dust thou art, saith she to her face, and to cleansing cream shalt thou return. Thou knowest not even the half, gulpheth a third, for her air of Amazonian independence hideth but the cravings of a maiden heart for some conquering male to knock her for a row of aluminum stew-pans. Masculine humility is her secret horror. Even she craveth some fairy-fisted bozo, by he never so ossified above the neck, whose neck-work itself measureth up to the passionate standards of the Old Stone Age.

Of such testimony from feminine lips what can a mere man judge? Verily I can divine no ill of any woman, no matter what acrid jealousy may say.

ARE YOU A JUNIOR?

Are you really a Junior? These are questions which never trouble the students of Victoria College, University of Toronto. They are all automatically members of the class with which they came in fresh until they graduate.

The fact that Senior matriculation is necessary for entrance certainly simplifies matters. Everyone starts off at the same place, anyway. On registration day each student receives a card stating the year—first, second, third or fourth—to which he belongs. For the rest of the year this card becomes an independent part of his personal equipment. The same is true of the Handbook—the Bible, it is familiarly called—without which no student wanders far afield.

The actual organization of the classes is very interesting. Each fall all the new students become members of the class bearing the number of the year in which they would graduate if they taking a four year course—this year's freshmen belong to 378.

For the first couple of weeks they are known as "Frosh," and treated accordingly by the superior "Sophs," or members of 377. Incidentally, members of 377 who are repeating their first year are known as "Stale Frosh." With the Bob this initiation ends and the words frosh and sophs drop from the college vocabulary till the next year begins.

The first class function is usually a hike—quite early in the fall. The freshmen have a chance to really get acquainted, while the other classes—already good friends—have a grand time discussing the holidays. Two or three of these hikes are often on the same day, but nobody cares. It is only natural for them to stick to their own class.

During the year each class has several parties—not very formal affairs, but just really good times. There are "Yachting Parties" where everyone must wear at least a semblance of sailorish apparel—and "Children's Parties" and all sorts of others. They are such fun!

Class elections take place twice a year—in the spring and in the winter. Nothing like having an executive ready to plan a hike or party as soon as the term starts! The class president is usually a boy, while the associate-president is a girl. Class fees are higher than here, but are paid without a great deal of urging—nobody wants to miss the class parties.

After Christmas one begins to hear talk about Seniors and graduation. The fact that part of the graduating class consists of fourth year honours students, and part of third year pass students causes little confusion, although they have not been members of the same class. All are called Seniors and feted alike by the lower classes. All have the same admission card—a large brown envelope—and the same password, "Your proofs are grand. Aren't mine vile?" The real excitement and celebration doesn't come until Convocation in June, of course, but there is a continual undercurrent of excitement among the suddenly important Seniors from January until June.

Just a few more weeks and members of 375, as well as many of 376, who only a little over a year ago bullied freshies, will be beginning to sparkle and talk about caps and gowns. Isn't it astounding how time flies?

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THE DEAD-LINE FOR CLASS PICTURES IS DEC. 20th

Heed ye!

VARSITY TRIMS REDSKINS IN FAST HOOP GAME

Bears Turn in Poor Game Lose to Dominions 3-1

LOOSE PLAY IN LAST TWO PERIODS COSTS WIN

Bob Zender and Ralph Maybank Turn in Great Games For Varsity

HOW THEY STAND

	P.	W.	L.	Pt.
Superiors	2	2	0	4
Dominions	1	1	0	2
Varsity	3	0	3	0

Next game—Superiors vs. Varsity at Arena, Tuesday, 8:30.

Cracking wide open in the last two periods after they had shown a marked edge in the first, Al Wilson's squad of green and gold warriors took a 3-1 licking from the Dominions last Saturday night in a senior league fixture at the Arena. It was Varsity's second straight loss, and unless they can snake through for a win tonight the Bears will be far in arrears in the league standing.

After a scoreless first period the Dominions started the second with a rush, and in the first few minutes of play Don McTavish nicked one past Ralph Maybank on a pass from Inkster. Ten minutes later Gillies made the score read 2-0 as he accepted a pass from Walker and slipped by Talbot as the Varsity defenceman made a poor

attempt at a body check, and push the puck past the prostrate Maybank.

Varsity Scores

With Gillies in the penalty box at the beginning of the third stanza Varsity turned on the power and on a play from Stark, Cruickshank shot the rubber behind Layetze for Varsity's single tally. The Dominions, however, were not to be denied, and for the most part dominated the play for the rest of the game. A goal scored by McTavish was disallowed, and a little later Darkes shot at an open goal, to hit the goal post. A few minutes before the final bell, Caldwell put the game on ice on a pass from Walker as the two Dominion men bore down on the de-serted Maybank in the Varsity nets.

FLASH

In a thrilling last period rally, which netted them 3 goals in less than 7 minutes, Al Wilson's Golden Bear hockey squad came within an ace of forcing Superiors into an overtime period in their scheduled Senior League game last night at the Arena. Trailing 4-0 in the third spasm, Varsity turned on the power, and shots by Stark, Zender and Woywitka ripped past Goalie Stuart in quick succession. It was a great finish for the green and gold gang, and if they can flash the same fire they showed in that hectic last period more often, quite a few wins should be chalked up in the Varsity column before the season is over.

Ed. Note: See front page for details of story.

RESIDENT STUDENTS

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Twice in the first period Varsity was on the verge of a score as the second line tore in on nicely timed rushes. However, poor finish around the goal mouth and an uncanny ability to put the puck right on Layetze's pads kept the boys from scoring. Especially in their power plays did the green and gold outfit look bad. Each time the Bears caught the Dominions short-handed and in their last desperate efforts in the final spasm the Varsity hearties looked less like a hockey team than a bunch of shrimpy players.

Dominions Rush

The Dominions looked like a new team as they came out in the second period and rushed Varsity with a vigor which netted them a goal in four minutes of play. The Bears came back hard, and again narrowly missed scoring, once when Woywitka couldn't get his stick on the puck in a scramble in front of Layetze, and another time when Dunlap gave the Dominion goalie an easy shot after Zender's pass had put him in the clear.

Going into the third period two goals down Varsity scored in 45 seconds as they pressed the short-handed Dominions. However, it was a short-lived rally, and the rest of the period had a

FOUR INTERFAC GAMES RUN OFF ON SATURDAY

MacLennan Stars as Arts Gain Tie in B-League Fixture

HOW THEY STAND

"A" Section	P.	W.	L.	Pts.
Ag-Com-Law	3	3	0	6
Pharm-Dents	4	3	1	6
Science	4	2	2	4
Meds	4	1	3	2
Arts	4	0	4	0

Showing unexpected strength the Meds "A" League hockey team came within an ace of tying Al Miller's flashy Engineers in a close fought duel at the Varsity rink on Saturday. With less than a minute to go and after having played five men up for most of the third period, the Science crew broke the 2-2 score when McKee drove a hot one past McFadyen. Final score, 3-2. For Science, Lees got two goals, while McKee got one goal and one assist. For the Med crew, Henry got one alone and assisted Wallace to get another. Close checking featured the game. Devaney getting only 10 shots and McFadyen 12.

Ag-Com-Law Win

In the second "A" League fixture, Ag-Com-Law downed Arts 2-1. Carty lost only about 30 seconds in getting the first goal past Harris, and scored again in the second on a pass from Hardacre. Goodwin got Arts lone tally on a pass from Denovan. Borgal, Mitchell and Darrah drew minor penalties, while Usher and Hardacre had to be banished for mixing things quite freely. Jack Leyne refereed both games.

"B" LEAGUE

In the first "B" League game, Science blanked Med-Dent 4-0, McPherson getting two while Bowden and Lamton clicked one apiece.

In the final game Ag-Com-Pharm-Law tied Arts 3-3. Crosby, Dwarkin and Leyne scored for the winners, while MacLennan got all 3 for Arts. Bob Gibson handled the whistle.

Distinct Dominion tinge. Stark broke through a couple of times, but couldn't find the net, and in the last moments Talbot was robbed of a pretty try as Layetze made a spectacular save.

Zender Looks Good

Varsity matched the Dominions in speed, but showed a great lack of finish when it came to scoring. Bob Zender turned in a great game on defence, handing out plenty of punishment as well as breaking fast when he got a chance. Despite this, however, the Varsity defense, rated as the best the team has had in several years, lapsed badly in the last two sessions and did not offer much protection to Goalie Maybank in the nets.

Summary

First period—No score. Penalties: Darke.

Second period—1. Dominions, McTavish (Inkster), 4:00; 2. Dominions, Gillies (Walker), 10:00. Penalties: Gillies, Colville.

Third period—3. Varsity, Cruickshank (Stark), 0:45; 4. Dominions, Colville (Walker), 15:15.

Lineups

Varsity—Maybank, Talbot, Stark, Zender, Dunlap, Ferguson, Pryde, Scott, Cruickshank, Woywitka. Dominions—Layetze, Gauf, Gillies, Caldwell, Bowen, McTavish, Inkster, Soley, Darkes, Walker. Referee—Clarence Campbell.

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DOUG MCINTYRE



Seniors Beat Redskins 43-34 in Exhibition Game

MCINTYRE MEN TURN IN GOOD GAME

Cherrington Stars for Varsity as Overtowners Go Down to Defeat

Led by the lanky Jim Cherrington, Varsity centre, whose deadly shooting eye accounted for more than half of the green and gold's total, Doug McIntyre's Golden Bears turned back the "Y" Redskins 43-34 last night at the Varsity gym. The game was not as good as it could have been from the spectators angle, but the Varsity defensive system was very effective in dulling the shooting powers of the overtown hoopsters. The Bears' shooting was very ineffective, and had it not been for the stellar work of Jim Cherrington in finding the basket the Varsity team would have been far behind in the scoring column. The smooth working precision that comes later in the season will take these boys a long way in the provincial play-downs.

Redskins Fast

The Redskins have not decided to enter the Senior League yet; if they do there will be some good basketball to be seen here this winter. They have a fast, accurate shooting aggregation. Cherrington garnered in 24 points for Varsity. His shooting made him the most effective player on the Varsity team. Lees, Shipley and Kiewel muffed plenty of their chances for field baskets, but nevertheless were important factors in preventing the opposition gaining points.

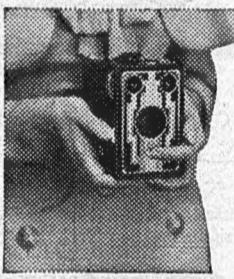
In the guard positions Richard and Woznow kept feeding the ball to the forwards and turned in nice work under the basket, taking the passes off the opposition in a masterful manner. Imrie and Hutton show promise of being able to keep their end up when called upon.

McIntyre Knows Game

Doug McIntyre made his first appearance of the season. There's no doubt he knows his basketball and will be a great asset in engineering plays. Out of fourteen free throws Varsity only scored three, while the Redskins

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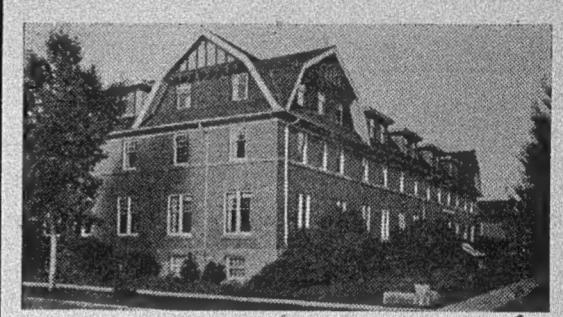
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Varsity's Third Period Rally Fails to Overcome Soops Lead

Varsity, Trailing 4-0 in Middle of Third Period, Scores 3 Goals in Last Eight Minutes—A Thrilling Finish

Varsity met the Soops for the second time at the Arena last night. They showed a marked improvement since their last game, and demonstrated they can score when they have to. The game was even in the first period, the ice being a little sticky, but in the second period the Superiors outplayed Varsity and put in three goals before Varsity could understand what it was all about. Joe Brown started the run of scoring for the Soops by putting in the first tally. Crossland gets credit for the second on a nice combination play, and then Brown repeated his performance for the third goal. Varsity were trying their best, but just couldn't seem to slip one in. The third period opened fast with both sides pressing. Lammie, a Superior player, broke through the Varsity defence to score on a rebound. With the score standing 4-0 with seven minutes left to play, Varsity took a new lease of life and got going. The Superiors drew several penalties, and Varsity put on the power play and commenced their scoring. Nick Woywita shovled in the first, and then Stark got the prettiest goal of the night, barging through the Soop defence and beat Stuart all the way. Zender scored the third with less than two minutes to play. Varsity was playing every man up and came within inches of getting the tying goal. It was a thrilling finish to a real game. Dunlap, Stark, and Zender were the best of the Varsity lads, and the Brown brothers and Crossland were the threat for the Soops.

AUDIENCE ENJOYS BROADUS READING

Wolfe's "The Uncelestial City" Proves Impressive Work of Art

An enraptured audience heard Dr. E. K. Broadus read and interpret selections from Humbert Wolfe's "The Uncelestial City," and shared with him his delight in and sympathy with this very sincere poem.

Dr. Broadus opened his address, given Saturday evening in M.R.C. Auditorium, with a brief résumé of Mr. Wolfe's literary career, making special mention of his satiric epitaphs on contemporary figures, as Rudyard Kipling, and his poem "Resurrection" which won Wolfe popular acclaim when it was published in 1927. Dr. Broadus then proceeded to deal with that extraordinary work, "The Uncelestial City," published in 1930.

Mr. Justice Crayfish, the central figure, has just died, and as he stands before the gates of the celestial city he is filled with wonder, for he hears no sound of trumpet or of singing; he feels as though he were dreaming and about to awaken into a beautiful spring morning. Suddenly he perceives a man standing near him, who seems vaguely familiar. The stranger tells him that to gain admittance to the celestial city John Crayfish will have to retrace his steps in the Uncelestial City, London. But as Mr. Crayfish turns sadly away, the stranger promises him that he need not go on this journey alone, but that he will accompany him and play his fiddle—immortal music—to strengthen and guide him.

We follow Mr. Crayfish through his Oxford career, when he is trying to fathom the meaning and purpose of life. We see him next as a rising young lawyer suffering from his first love affair (here is interposed a beautiful song, "Love Quits the Stage"), replaced soon by friendship, and marriage for convenience. He grows rich and prosperous. As he becomes more materialistic and callous, he vaguely hears the song of the fiddler calling him to remember, and to judge as he will be judged.

Next come the incidents of his legal profession—the sentence of Kitty for accosting a man in spring, where in a fit of rebellion he imagines himself accusing the judge of sentencing God and Spring instead of punishing the foolish young and pretty Kitty; the arrest of the poet Jenks, and finally, the murder case of James Jakes, which forms the climax of the poem.

Few in the audience will forget the appealing beauty of the abandoned wife's reflections on the child that might have been, and that tensely dramatic scene where Mr. Justice Crayfish, sitting in his musty law chambers while "like black Arabian slaves, fog shadows grovel at his feet," is confronted by the withered old char seeking to explain in terms of life the actions of her condemned son.

The poem ends with the song of "The Bells in the Strand." We do not know if Mr. Crayfish wins the celestial city, but we hope as we listen to the solemn beauty and the mellow cadence of the phrases that he has attained his reward.

In conclusion, Dr. Broadus declared that while the poem might never gain immortality, yet he held it equal to any contemporary long poem in originality, variety and sincerity.



DR. BROADUS

Who Saturday addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at the Junior College in Calgary. Dr. Broadus read Humbert Wolfe's "The Uncelestial City."

GLASSMAKING IS SUBJECT OF TALK

On Wednesday, Dec. 5th, at the regular meeting of the Chemical Society, Mr. Jack Tracy presented a paper on "Glass." Mr. Tracy briefly outlined the historical significance of glass, tracing its biography from early Phoenician times to the present day. By the clever use of charts and tables Mr. Tracy made clear the intricate composition of various types of glass which are used today in commerce. Glass, to be of commercial value, must have certain very definite physical properties. These may be briefly summed up as follows: the glass must take a smooth polish; be free from bubbles and impurities; have a definite refractive index; be free from foreign coloring matter; possess no internal strain; and be of a certain elasticity. In describing the actual manufacture of glass, Mr. Tracy explained how a man standing near him, who seems vaguely familiar. The stranger tells him that to gain admittance to the celestial city John Crayfish will have to retrace his steps in the Uncelestial City, London. But as Mr. Crayfish turns sadly away, the stranger promises him that he need not go on this journey alone, but that he will accompany him and play his fiddle—immortal music—to strengthen and guide him.

We follow Mr. Crayfish through his Oxford career, when he is trying to fathom the meaning and purpose of life. We see him next as a rising young lawyer suffering from his first love affair (here is interposed a beautiful song, "Love Quits the Stage"), replaced soon by friendship, and marriage for convenience. He grows rich and prosperous. As he becomes more materialistic and callous, he vaguely hears the song of the fiddler calling him to remember, and to judge as he will be judged.

Next come the incidents of his legal profession—the sentence of Kitty for accosting a man in spring, where in a fit of rebellion he imagines himself accusing the judge of sentencing God and Spring instead of punishing the foolish young and pretty Kitty; the arrest of the poet Jenks, and finally, the murder case of James Jakes, which forms the climax of the poem.

Few in the audience will forget the appealing beauty of the abandoned wife's reflections on the child that might have been, and that tensely dramatic scene where Mr. Justice Crayfish, sitting in his musty law chambers while "like black Arabian slaves, fog shadows grovel at his feet," is confronted by the withered old char seeking to explain in terms of life the actions of her condemned son.

The poem ends with the song of "The Bells in the Strand." We do not know if Mr. Crayfish wins the celestial city, but we hope as we listen to the solemn beauty and the mellow cadence of the phrases that he has attained his reward.

ATTENTION, ENGINEERS!

A meeting of the Household Economics Club is being held on Thursday, December 13, at 4:30 p.m., at the apartment of the honorary president, Mrs. MacEachran, in Assinibola Hall. Miss Hazel McIntyre will speak on the Household Economics Convention in New York. All students of Household Economics are invited to attend.

GATEWAY-UNION SQUABBLE SETTLED

Enforcement Committee Finds No One Broke Typewriter

The case of the broken typewriter has come to an end. The Enforcement Committee in a written judgment delivered Tuesday decided that the typewriter wasn't broken by a member of The Gateway staff, but that the machine in question had just worn out and broke of its own free will and accord. The most important part of the judgment was the decision that although The Gateway was under the control of the Council, which no person has ever questioned, the President of the Union would not censor the news that goes into the paper or dictate the policy. This of course is the only reasonable way that a University undergraduate paper can be managed.

The really interesting feature of the case was the childlessness shown by the litigants. At one moment the whole Gateway staff had resigned although it was never discovered just why the resignation and most likely never will be. The Publicity Department offered to step into the breach and edit the paper—resignations not accepted. The responsible officers of the Union never did show any capacity for grasping the facts of the case, and are most likely still wondering what happened. The Council passed resolutions concerning how the case was to be tried and who was to win with their usual lack of knowledge of what they were voting for. Now at their next meeting they can pass more resolutions in an attempt to extricate themselves. Undoubtedly they will just get themselves in deeper. The Enforcement Committee is the only one that came out of the affair with any dignity left, and their supply is practically inexhaustible. At least it was proven they served a useful function in settling such disputes, which they did judiciously and well. The upshot of the whole case is that anybody who knows anything about it will retain a discreet silence. The affair ended by the President of the Union and Editor of The Gateway going to a show on a Gateway pass, the President of the Union paying the tax.

MOUNT ROYAL CORRESPONDENCE

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Allow me a word in reply to the article re P.T. equipment which appeared in last week's Gateway. I wish to point out, first of all, that mats are not essential for the university physical training course. At the University of Alberta little use is made of mats or apparatus in this course, although they are available. Mats are essential, however, for tumbling and wrestling, both of which are student activities.

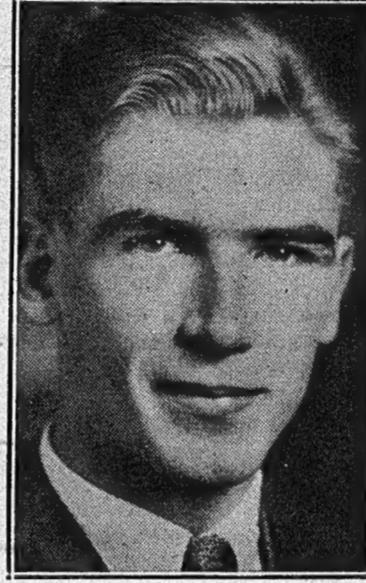
Last year we were able to borrow some mats for a short period, and during that time some quite successful tumbling and wrestling was carried on which culminated in a demonstration at a Literary Society program. Being interested in these activities, I found last fall that for fifteen dollars three mats could be made up, for the exchange of which a wrestling club belonging to the College gymnasium department. These six would provide all the surface necessary for tumbling and wrestling. These facts were placed before the athletic committee, but apparently the expenditure was not authorized. Let me repeat, however, that tumbling and wrestling are student activities in which the staff and the college management are only mildly interested. It is out of place to expect either to provide the necessary equipment.

—W. F.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—The Gateway has courteously invited comment on the refusal of the Students' Council to contribute to the permanent athletic equipment of the College. While the Council were quite within their rights in adopting this attitude, and probably expressed the wishes of the majority of the union members, the incident indicates mentality peculiar to the students of this College. The students of the University of Alberta, for instance, during the past six years have built and equipped entirely out of their own resources and with no aid from the University, an excellent skating rink, one of the best in the province. In the same way the students and alumni of Queen's University, a few years ago, decided that their gymnasium was inadequate. Instead of whining that it was the duty of their teachers or of

ANNOUNCES DECISION



HUGH ARNOLD

Who, as chairman of the new Enforcement Committee, amicably settled the typewriter dispute between The Gateway and Students' Council.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements for the period from Oct. 21, 1934 to December 8, 1934

RECEIPTS	
Social Committee Dance	\$ 24.50
Faculty Dance	36.05
Rugby Dance	
Sweaters	27.00
Students' Union Fees (estimated)	360.00
Total receipts	\$447.55

DISBURSEMENTS	
Cost of Dances:	
Social Committee Dance	\$46.74
Faculty Dance	42.15
Rugby Dance	15.00
	\$103.89
Athletic Expenses:	
Rugby Ball and Bladder	\$11.05
Rugby Sweaters	45.00
	56.05
Gateway:	
Stamps	\$3.00
Stationery	4.15
	7.15
	\$167.09
Balance at credit with Mount Royal College	\$280.46

Signed,
SECORD J. TENNANT,
Treasurer, Students' Union.

NOTICE

Re the Undergraduate Dance

Owing to the postponement of the Students' Council meeting from Dec. 12 to Dec. 13, applications from various clubs for permission to hold the Undergraduate Dance next month will be received in the Students' Union office until 5 o'clock, Thursday, Dec. 13.

Applications must be in writing.

By order of the Executive Committee of the Students' Council.

The Board of Governors of the University to give them a new gymnasium to play in, as M.R.C. students would have done, these groups, by heavy contributions from their students' union funds, by individual donations and in various ways raised, if I remember correctly, over \$250,000 to build and equip one of the best gymnasiums in Canada.

Probably the difference in attitude between M.R.C. students and the students of these universities lies in the greater immaturity of Junior College members. Being still of juvenile mentality they have developed little self-reliance and have the dependent characteristics of children or very young animals. Like other infantile organisms, they have appetites and desires, but instead of providing for their own satisfaction they howl like hungry children for somebody else to provide for them. Why on earth to the students, for instance, expect the staff of the College to provide out of their own meagre salaries—the only funds under control of the staff—wrestling mats for the students to use? Why should the Board of Governors provide funds for such a purpose? Wrestling mats are required in any way for the physical training course, neither the staff nor members of the Board of Governors enjoy wrestling.

C. S.

Editor	Aylmer Ryan
Associate Editors	Joan Mayhood, Duncan Campbell
Sports Editor	Jack Oberholtzer
College Notes	Edwin Lewis
Business Manager	Fred Brooks
Staff Representative	Miss J. D. Hunt

Socialization of Individual Is Modern Trend in Russia

Godless Russia is Doing More Than Any Christian Country For Freedom and Tolerance

Dr. Willard Brewing, member of the Sherwood Eddy expedition to Russia and noted speaker on conditions in that country, was the guest speaker presented Monday afternoon by the S.C.M. Dr. Brewing's short talk dealt with the home life in Russia, or rather the lack of it, the educational system and religion.

From the time of birth the individual lives for one purpose—the good of the state. The complete care, training and education of the child is taken over by the state. This of course banishes home life, but this is the desire of the government, as home life is inclined towards class distinction and class distinction has no place in the Soviet State. Russia is culture mad, and the education of each child includes a complete university education, and an unlimited opportunity to develop any particular talent. More than this, however, Russia has gone a step farther. The responsibility of the state does not end with a degree. A carefully prepared field wherein he may use the education he has acquired awaits each student. Enormous expenditures have of course been necessary to bring about this condition, but in return the state literally possesses the individual talent, and they are put only to uses approved by the Soviet. From great mass illiteracy, Russia has in fifteen years lowered the per cent. of illiteracy to thirty per cent. This condition naturally leaves us with the question: Will it work? Will personal and individual initiative ever be really moulded into social initiative?

Freedom of speech and of the press is encouraged except where the underlying principles of Communism are concerned. Criticism of them, however, is not tolerated. Churches may hold services as long as they do not teach; that is, there are no Sunday schools or seminaries, and in Moscow, of six hundred churches, only one hundred remain. Russia is frankly anti-religious and anti-God, and the queer paradox of the Soviet State is the surging attempt to establish a righteous order without a spirit of righteousness behind it.

What we call charity—camps for poor children, care of social welfare—is not charity in Russia. It is just another function of the state carried on by the state. Everywhere religion and communism are fighting it out. Russia is making a bold effort to build the superstructure of the social idea, which is the soul of Christianity, without God and without religion. The brotherhood of man is being lived in Russia under the name of Social Equality. People work and deny themselves to gain admittance to the Communist party. Every year they are challenged—"What have you done for Communism?" and if they have not done anything they are dropped from the party. At least Godless Russia is striving for a righteous order, which is more than any so-called Christian nation is doing.

At the conclusion of his talk, Dr. Brewing gave the students an opportunity to ask questions, and a number of very interesting questions were brought up, but the lack of time prevented a very complete discussion of them.

ORIENTAL ESCAPADES



THE JUNIOR PROMENADE

A scene snapped at the gala ball of Friday last, with John Bowman and his cohorts performing under the watchful eyes of the Oriental Deity. Puzzle Find yourself.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

Editor-in-Chief Douglas McDermid
Associate Editors: Chris. Jackson, William Epstein, Chas. Perkins

STAFF FOR TUESDAY EDITION

Editor John Corley
News Editor Thomas Clark
Feature Editor Ed Greene
Sports Editor Art Kramer
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Casseroles Helen Henderson, Lovey Shaw
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THE JUNIOR PROMENADE

The best Junior Prom of years has come and gone. As usual the floor was a trifle crowded at times, but not nearly so much so as in former years. Despite the decrease in income resulting from a smaller crowd, the Prom didn't suffer. The decorations were exceptional, and the lounge especially showed that a tremendous amount of work had been spent on it. White carnations for the gentlemen is an innovation. Whether we think it is wise or not, at least is must be admitted the Junior Executive attempted to make their dance new and different from former years. The Queen of the Junior Prom thought was ill-conceived, "a Joe-college" idea that fortunately didn't succeed. The Junior Executive this year have shown a laudable zest and energy in arranging their dance which will make it hard for succeeding years to beat.

STUDENT POLITICAL THINKING

All paths lead to socialism, be it by the way of state capitalism, the code system or revolution. It is inevitable, for it is progress; it has the most ideal philosophy behind it of any political system yet evolved, and its organization of society as prophesied will more closely approach ideal justice than any other way of life conceived by man. It is optimistic; it believes in the good that is in even the lowest of humanity. It accepts and advocates the tenets of Christ and instils a religious fervour into its followers.

The majority of students entering University have a very slight acquaintanceship with socialism. A few shreds of the odium that used to cover the name still hang to it, and a mention of the word to the freshman will bring such associations as the Russian paid agitator, the under-dog and the unsuccessful. University brings a rude awakening. The student realizes the greatness of socialist theory and discovers that many of its advocates are astute thinkers and members of the intelligentsia. His sympathies are called on, and his enthusiasm starts him in pursuit of justice, truth and equality. He wants to adopt the magnificent ideals behind the theory, and believe in the capacity of his fellow men to lead a good life in society.

The freshman thinks the need for socialism seems so apparent the paradox of want and plenty so senseless, that he wonders why this now social theory isn't immediately put into practice. "The Case for Socialism" is presented and increases the dissatisfaction with the present political and economic structure, but the question still remains: how is the transformation to be brought about? The platforms of the parties who support socialism don't give us any help. They are as useless as the platforms of the old political parties. The student wants to know what these socialist groups would do if they obtained power, and how they would do it. He obtains no aid anywhere, and is driven back to the old line parties, for at least he knows that despite their election promises they in all likelihood won't do anything while he is completely in the dark as to just what startling charges the new parties would make, how they would make them, and what the results would be.

This is what is happening to University students. They would like to see the socialistic system put into practice, they believe in its theory and honor its idealism. Most students are socialistic in theory and in their early years in practice. They are being driven away from socialist parties because they cannot discover what its advocates would do—it is the fear of the unknown that sends them back to the older parties. They feel they must await the coming of socialism through slow evolutionary progress, and that man will only attain it through the trial and war method.

The student who can think himself through to the radical position and feel that it is worth striving for despite the material and intellectual difficulties he will be faced with, only praise is to be given him. The majority of us are not capable of this; we cannot, or will not, think for ourselves, nor will we sacrifice ourselves for an ideal no matter what benefits may accrue to succeeding generations. We must be shown where we are going, and we will not let political convictions interfere with our worldly success.

Dr. Hardy—Translate, Atra cura post equitem sedet.
Bernice Smith—After horse exercise the dark lady sits down carefully.

McKenzie—You would like my Uncle McTavish.
McDonald—What happened to him?

McKenzie—When he was in the war he just couldn't bear to throw anything away, and he hung on to a hand grenade.

BLESSED EVENTS

It takes the women to infuse a little excitement into the Open Forum. They didn't waste words and time defining terms and presenting well-organized briefs—they let their garb do that! And for once the Forum was interesting and entertaining.

Perhaps the most really convincing arguments are those that are put across in a wise-crack. Nobody remembers the logical statistical statements made by stodgy speakers who care more for fact than fancy. The purely factual material may be irrefutable, but the quips live on and on. What earthly difference does it make who wins the debate? A person who can think quickly and speak amusingly is a rare treasure in these days of serious-minded profundity.

Too bad that the distribution of scholarship candidates is so patchy! So many fine all-round students must lose out in a year when all are excellent—whereas in another year they would be outstanding.

This business of photographing the Prom crowd at all sorts of odd times, and without warning! You dare not risk a languishing look at your partner without visualizing a cut in the Year Book which lays your soul bare for the world to see. Can you imagine Mr. Arnold or Mr. Bierwagen caught unawares with a calf-like expression, realizing that they are only human after all? Sacrilege?

The mere co-ed who looks so business-like at zoology lectures and math. labs., takes on a quaint charm and appealing loveliness in her long formal dress. The fashion for graceful evening gowns is the last stronghold of romance—and even the glamorous illusion is dispelled by the thought of some callous professor's final at 8:30 the next morning.

The next couple you see wriggling worm-like across a dance-floor are just trying the new dance hit, "The Continental," from "The Gay Divorcee." It has everything: rhythm, fire, passion! "The Gay Divorcee" is a clever, frothy, bit of nonsense, with catchy songs and dances that would inspire even an oil engineer or pedantic lawyer to covet gaily.

So now the door of Pembina is to be locked at 11:30. The co-ed must be growing fraiser—or the University man more dangerous!

Quite by chance we stumbled the other day on a piece of intelligence, the revelation of which can hardly help but bring the deepest satisfaction and joy to the whole world. As for ourselves, when the full significance of the truth burst upon us, we became immediately sorry for having felt so bitterly, in the past few months, towards professors and learned men generally. We had long been aware of the fact that civilization was tottering on the verge of collapse, and had expected these guardians of historic wisdom, these founts of modern knowledge, to tell us that they could save us. We said nasty things about them (unjustly it now appears) when they refused to do so. Well, our excuse is that we didn't know how much they really had our interests at heart. With characteristic unassuming modesty they have been laboring all the time, and have all but solved every problem of civilization. It is with great pleasure that we announce to the citizens of the civilized world that the results of these labors will soon be apparent, and may in fact be hourly expected.

Briefly, the fact are these: Our professors and thinkers realized as soon as the problem of saving the world for people was presented to them that there was enough knowledge extant in the writings of history's great men to fuse with the modern scientific subjugation of natural forces for the purpose of establishing a human society which would outdo even the most sanguine dreams of Utopians. But they saw farther than this. They saw that the sun is due to wear itself out in a few billions of years, which means that human life must inevitably cease to be, some time or other. Well, why unload the unpleasant process of race extinction on our poor innocent progeny? Since futility is the only goal ahead, why bother to go on? And at best, the prospect of freezing to death is not pleasant. As one scientist said, "I would personally rather starve than freeze. And I would rather be blown up suddenly with a bomb than starve."

It was plain to all but a stubborn few that the only sporting thing to do was to commit racial suicide. And it was also obvious that the quickest way to accomplish this would be to give free rein to human nature. Nature alone could not be relied upon to bring about the desired result, for nature is not aware of man's existence. But human nature can be relied upon. So it was decided to bottle up all the wisdom and common-sense in existence at the time and stand guard over it while the rapid process of destruction went ahead. The bottling up job was simple. Most of the wisdom of the ancients was already securely locked away in thousands of deadly dialectical paragraphs whose obscurity is so intense that only metaphysicians and octogenarians stand any chance of getting at the fundamentals therein contained. These writings, even though translated into English, were left in libraries in their entirety, for this latter fact insured that they would not be read by the general public, and no one had ever been able to interpret them intelligibly. Modern thought itself was wrapped in such a dense fog of formulae and abstruse symbolism as to deny understanding by any but an elect few, who would be intellectual enough to be far above such bad form as to try and give the principles any relation to human values or attempt to apply them towards the saving of this generation.

Having adopted this policy, the savants of our time at once put it into effect. There had never been a really widespread demand before on the part of the people to

NOTES from Other U's

Corn Flakes Preferred by Students

Most university students have a bank account, spend \$25 for a suit, drink Coco-Cola, read the "Readers Digest" and are bad spellers. At least those facts were the most apparent in the result of the questionnaire printed in the "U" last week. The hundred answers can be taken as fairly representative of the undergrads at U.B.C.

The question regarding reading matter brought rather standard answers. The 17 women who answered preferred "Good Housekeeping," "Readers Digest" and "Liberty." All of them read the daily papers, but they only spent twenty minutes a day at them, while the men devoted at least half an hour daily with their papers. The masculine choice of magazines tallied with the feminine except that "The Saturday Evening Post" came in second choice.

Most students prefer corn flakes and similar light foods for breakfast. A few exceptions to the general rule were in such choices as "kippered herrings, bacon, eggs and waffles."

Spelling mistakes were the rule rather than the exception in the answers submitted. At least ten different ways of spelling "Nugget" were given. One co-ed preferred "Gripe Nuts" for breakfast while a freshman cleans his teeth with "Popsodent."

There was a great assortment of dentifrices used. No one brand had a definite lead over another, which most likely means that students have different radio favorites.

Beauty aids cost co-eds anywhere from 50¢ to \$6.00 monthly. Maybe the men can question this fact, but answers is answers!

The question regarding drinks gave the following favorites: Ginger Ale, Coco-Cola, Beer (male only), and Milk Shakes.

It is probably reassuring to note, in conclusion, that nearly all the students have both bank accounts and insurance policies—U.S.S.

Female Faculty

Our women undergraduates who have from time to time been cut to the heart by the slurs cast on the comeliness of University women can take consolation in the fact that such sallies are not found in Sydney alone. The following is the result of a Californian inspection. One admires the courage of the Californian sub-editor who wrote it.

"We decided to see for ourselves whether Californian women are really good looking.

We sat as a jury of eight men, fearless, unbiased, good honest Americans. Our finding exploded the idea that Californian women are Hollywood material. That's a myth.

The fact is that out of every 32 of you, only one is good-looking, has charm, personality, everything! The rest of you dress wearers—well, you are classed either as 'fair' or 'bad'—and most of you are BAD.

In grading the local female population, the gentlemen of the jury used the three classifications mentioned above—good, fair and bad.

1. A 'good' girl is one you would take to a dance.

2. A 'fair' girl is one you might take to a show—provided the lights don't go on.

3. Girls listed as 'bad' (350 out of 422) would not be suitable to take to a dog fight even if you knew both the dogs."—Honi Soit.

Winter's Tale

The little dog sat on the ice and slowly wagged his tail. The air was cold, the ice was cold—but still he wagged his tail. From the blue and distant hills there arose a long thin stream of smoke from the boy scout's camp-fire where they calmly toasted and ate frankfurters for their lunch.

The little dog sat on the ice and slowly wagged his tail. On the almost deserted street a passing urchin stooped to pick up a cigarette butt, then turned up his collar and ran off. The dead leaves stopped up the gutter and the trees were all brown and bare as an all day suckerstick over a week old.

The little dog sat on the ice and slowly wagged his tail. He soon got up and walked away. "My tale is told," said he.—Argosy Weekly.

Bargain for Meds—Skeleton For Sale

Can there be romance hidden in a Varsity ad? Here's proof that Varsity ads merit reading, more than careless scrutiny. Yesterday's ad for the sale of a skeleton gave us a story which implies romance plus. A lonely widow up in the St. Clair-Bathurst district "wants to get rid of the skeleton." Her husband, a one-time medical graduate of U. of T. (year unknown), once used this, either in his practise or studies. Here's a chance for a budding physician to get a skeleton with a history (and perhaps a bit of coaxing may get a closet). There's a skull, arms and legs, all for a very nominal sum; in fact, it's cheap at half the price.

This heirloom isn't all in one piece, mind you. It will have to be sort of brought together for purposes of study. But it's used to being studied by now, we're sure, and won't mind in the least a change of locale. We don't know its history or its name, but we can vouch for its character.—The Varsity.

have knowledge brought down to earth. It had been left to the mental gymnasts, who were people one thought must be good because they were so profound. And now that there was a hue and cry for help from them, they had a good way of answering. It was a noble way, for as usual, they would be misunderstood, and further they must perish with the masses. We do not like to see true worth go unrewarded, and so we are pleased to have been the instrument of discovery of this great and noble work, and we hope that the general public will not be slow to applaud.

CORRESPONDENCE

University of Alberta,
December 10, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir—Without entertaining the slightest desire to embark on a further discussion of war versus peace, since the embattled warrois of our University always insist on taking it as a personal affront if any one ventures to suggest that peace is a desirable end and also one capable of being achieved by mankind, may I say as a professional classicist and teacher of ancient history that, while Scio may be a correct signature to certain parts of letters recently appearing in this column, to all those portions relating to Greek and Roman history the proper pseudonym to attach would be Nescio? It would hardly be possible for a letter on war in the ancient Mediterranean civilizations to contain more errors in an equal space than that of Scio in last Friday's issue. If he has the leisure and the inclination there are two opposite courses offered in this University, Ancient History 52 and 53, which are both open with a wide welcome to Scio. I am assuming that he has not taken them; it would be too terrible to be obliged to postulate that he had done so and learned so little.

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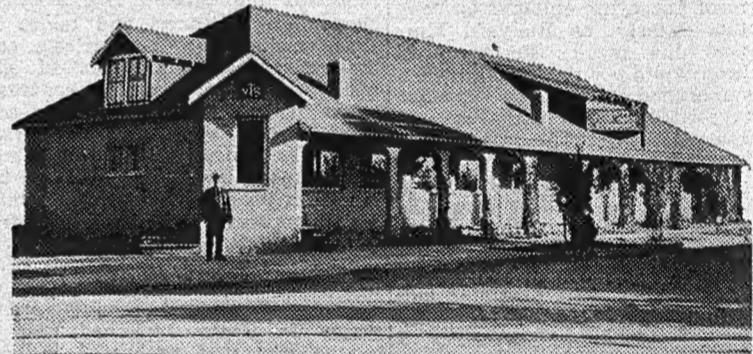
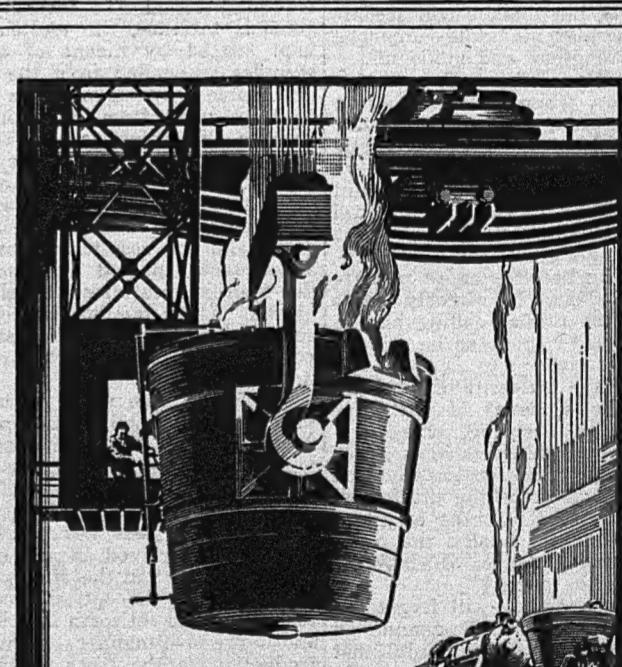
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NOTICE

Just a reminder that H. E. Spencer, M.P., will address the Economic Reconstruction Group on Wednesday at 4:30 in the basement of the Tuck Shop. The topic is, "Socialisation of Finance: How can it be done?" Comparison of C.C.F. and Social Credit proposals will be given. If you are interested we welcome you to attend.

not like to bet that you are likely to print that word "apposite" correctly—indeed quite the "opposite."—W.H.A.

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CO-ED COLUMNS

EDUCATION TAKES UP BEAUTY

At last colleges are recognizing the fundamentals of feminine happiness and the college girl may forever outshine her non-collegiate sister. Columbia University's Home Service Institute is going to teach beauty to women. It will teach a girl how to dress to make the most of her good points. The drooping mouth must be made to appear not so drooping by the method of dress and the hat. Square noses can be made more attractive. Hips that are too hippy can appear less and the unhappy hips can be hippyized if the stripes of the dress are right for said hips.

Prof. Lillian Locke of the new department explains there are five principles to be applied in dressing. These repetition, opposition, transition, subordination and symmetry. With these principles properly applied the poor girl may be almost a princess, and if not applied properly the princess may be just a girl. And one may dress to bring out personality, too.

—Canadian Statesman.

SPORTETTES

Varsity's women hockey chances of scoring have been predicted many a time this season by what we are led to believe must be either an astrologer (judging by the way he shows up his lack of mathematical knowledge) or else a second Crystal Gentleman. If the aforementioned gentleman has as little first-hand information on sports as he has of the method of mathematical prediction, we pity the Sports Page.

After all hockey, we are told, is a defensive game, as so according to our mathematical knowledge the game should be judged on the basis of how many pucks are kept out of the net as well as on the basis of how many go into the net. If our venerable astrologer, who seems to make a practice of shadowing the girl hockey enthusiasts, were to look up the score for a few years back, he would find that the pucksters efforts have not been altogether unsuccessful in improving their defensive plays. Perhaps Mr. Malone will soon see the co-eds making the best of scoring breaks and going in to shoot like veterans. Keep a look out, Mr. Malone.

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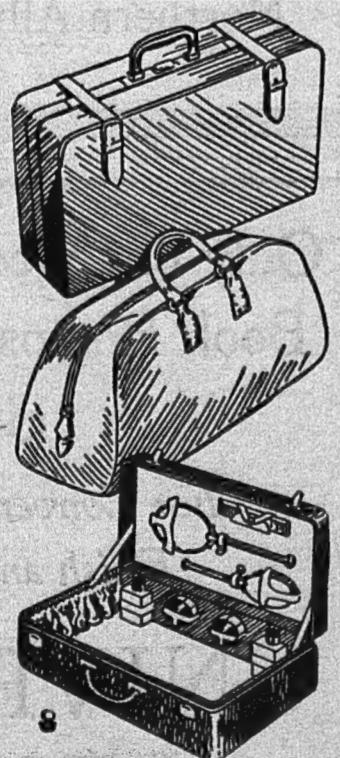
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PRINCESS THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Friday, Dec. 12, 13, 14—Diana Wynyard in "Where Sinners Meet" and Gracie Fields in "This Week of Grace."

FROM 7 TO 7

WOMAN

(With apologies to Bacon)

"Woman is a side-issue of man!" said Moses, the first scientist—or words to that effect. But nowadays we are coming to suspect that she is the main works, the principal tent, the supreme and transcendent regulator of domestic destinies. Surely in these days of female suffrage, female oratory and female enlightenment, man is but a worm and the son of a worm, fit only to balance the family budget and hearken humbly to dinner-table lectures.

Yet the cynic dieth hard; scandal will out; and the treacherous evidence of woman against woman destroyeth the angelic idol with its feet of talcum powder. Verily, said one, her eloquence is but facile sound without sense, the fairy flutterings of a finely-finished tanning-mill. Yea, echoeth another, even her face is not like her own but is a synthetic marvel grounded on clays, powdered into pallor, and tinted into tenderness and the rosy dawn of the Siren Islands. Dust thou art, saith she to her face, and to cleansing cream shalt thou return. Thou knowest not even the half, gulpheth a third, for her air of Amazonian independence hideth but the cravings of a maiden heart for some conquering male to knock her for a row of aluminum stew-pans. Masculine humility is her secret horror. Ever she craveth some fairy-fisted bozo, he never so ossified above the neck, whose neck-work itself measureth up to the passionate standards of the Old Stone Age.

Of such testimony from feminine lips what can a mere man judge? Verily I can divine no ill of any woman, no matter what acrid jealousy may say.

ARE YOU A JUNIOR?

Are you really a Junior? These are questions which never trouble the students of Victoria College, University of Toronto. They are all automatically members of the class with which they came in fresh until they graduate.

The fact that Senior matriculation is necessary for entrance certainly simplifies matters. Everyone starts off at the same place, anyway. On registration day each student receives a card stating the year—first, second, third or fourth—to which he belongs. For the rest of the year this card becomes an independent part of his personal equipment. The same is true of the Handbook—the Bible, it is familiarly called—without which no student wanders far afield.

The actual organization of the classes is very interesting. Each fall all the new students become members of the class bearing the number of the year in which they would graduate if they taking a four year course—this year's freshmen belong to 3T8.

For the first couple of weeks they are known as "Frosh," and treated accordingly by the superior "Sophs," or members of 3T7. Incidentally, members of 3T7 who are repeating their first year are known as "Stale Frosh." With the Bob this initiation ends and the words frosh and soph drop from the college vocabulary till the next year begins.

The first class function is usually a hike—quite early in the fall. The freshmen have a chance to really get acquainted, while the other classes—already good friends—have a grand time discussing the holidays. Two or three of these hikes are often on the same day, but nobody cares. It is only natural for them to stick to their own class.

During the year each class has several parties—not very formal affairs, but just really good times. There are "Yachting Parties" where everyone must wear at least a semblance of sailorman apparel—and "Children's Parties" and all sorts of others. They are such fun!

Class elections take place twice a year—in the spring and in the winter. Nothing like having an executive ready to plan a hike or party as soon as the term starts! The class president is usually a boy, while the associate-president is a girl. Class fees are higher than here, but are paid without a great deal of urging—nobody wants to miss the class parties.

After Christmas one begins to hear talk about Seniors and graduation. The fact that part of the graduating class consists of fourth year honours students, and part of third year pass students causes little confusion, although they have not been members of the same class. All are called Seniors and feted alike by the lower classes. All have the same admission card—a large brown envelope—and the same password, "Your proofs are grand. Aren't mine vile?" The real excitement and celebration doesn't come until Convocation in June, of course, but there is a continual undercurrent of excitement among the suddenly important Seniors from January until June.

Just a few more weeks and members of 3T5, as well as many of 3T6, who only a little over a year ago bullied freshies, will be beginning to sparkle and talk about caps and gowns. Isn't it astounding how time flies?

FOR LADIES ONLY

By Helen Sangster

With bitter smile and trenchant pen
I write this rhyme concerning men;

They rate no paean sung to lutes,
Nor other meed of praise, the brutes;

Nor while they heedless trample on
A girls' illusions till they're gone,

Nor while with lack of kindly thought
They criticize the clothes she's bought.

To men an anniversary
Is scarcely worth their cursory

Attention. In an argument
They think they are omniscient.

And, worse than all their fume and
fuss, They leave the bathroom in a muss.

Yet men, the virtuous and vicious,
Are just a habit that's pernicious;

This human masculinity
Though modelled on divinity

(Some say), may be for all its shape
Naught but a higher kind of ape.

So, never be a sycophant
To any man; be nonchalant;

The more of them you get to see,
The less bedazzled you will be.

I'd cut them out if I were you.
A thing, alas! I cannot do.

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SO WHAT?

"Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat;
Methinks my heart would sudden burst,
So wildly did it beat.
Little hand I held last night
It was a wondrous thing,
O, little hand I held last night,
Four aces and a king."—Ex.

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VARSITY TRIMS REDSKINS IN FAST HOOP GAME

Bears Turn in Poor Game Lose to Dominions 3-1

LOOSE PLAY IN LAST TWO PERIODS COSTS WIN

Bob Zender and Ralph Maybank Turn in Great Games For Varsity

HOW THEY STAND

	P.	W.	L.	Pt.
Superiors	2	2	0	4
Dominions	1	1	0	2
Varsity	3	0	3	0

Next game—Superiors vs. Varsity at Arena, Tuesday, 8:30.

Cracking wide open in the last two periods after they had shown a marked edge in the first, Al Wilson's squad of green and gold warriors took a 3-1 licking from the Dominions last Saturday night in a senior league fixture at the Arena. It was Varsity's second straight loss, and unless they can snake through for a win tonight the Bears will be far in arrears in the league standings.

After a scoreless first period the Dominions started the second with a rush, and in the first few minutes of play Don McTavish nicked one past Ralph Maybank on a pass from Inkster. Ten minutes later Gillies made the score read 2-0 as he accepted a pass from Walker and slipped by Talbot as the Varsity defenceman made a poor

RESIDENT STUDENTS

Who are going home for Xmas and who are interested in making a little money, are requested to leave their names and phone numbers in the Evergreen and Gold Office before December 15th, or see Bob Scott.

FLASH

In a thrilling last period rally, which netted them 3 goals in less than 7 minutes, Al Wilson's Golden Bear hockey squad came within an ace of forcing Superiors into an overtime period in their scheduled Senior League game last night at the Arena. Trailing 4-0 in the third spasm, Varsity turned on the power, and shots by Stark, Zender and Woywitka ripped past Goalie Stuart in quick succession. It was a great finish for the green and gold gang, and if they can flash the same fire they showed in that hectic last period more often, quite a few wins should be chalked up in the Varsity column before the season is over.

Ed. Note: See front page for details of story.

Twice in the first period Varsity was on the verge of a score as the second line tore in on nicely timed rushes. However, poor finish around the goal mouth and an uncanny ability to put the puck right on Layetzke's pads kept the boys from counting. Especially in their power plays did the green and gold outfit look bad. Each time the Bears caught the Dominions short-handed and in their last desperate efforts in the final spasm the Varsity hearties looked less like a hockey team than a bunch of shiny players.

Dominions Rush

The Dominions looked like a new team as they came out in the second period and rushed Varsity with a vigor which netted them a goal in four minutes of play. The Bears came back hard, and again narrowly missed scoring, once when Woywitka couldn't get his stick on the puck in a scramble in front of Layetzke, and another time when Dunlap gave the Dominion goalie an easy shot after Zender's pass had put him in the clear.

Going into the third period two goals down Varsity scored in 45 seconds as they pressed the short-handed Dominions. However, it was a short-lived rally, and the rest of the period had a

FOUR INTERFAC GAMES RUN OFF ON SATURDAY

MacLennan Stars as Arts Gain Tie in B-League Fixture

HOW THEY STAND

	P.	W.	L.	Pts.
Ag-Com-Law	3	3	0	6
Pharm-Dents	4	3	1	6
Science	4	2	2	4
Meds	4	1	3	2
Arts	4	0	4	0

Showing unexpected strength the Meds "A" League hockey team came within an ace of tying Al Millar's flashy Engineers in a close fought duel at the Varsity rink on Saturday. With less than a minute to go and after having played five men up for most of the third period, the Science crew broke the 2-2 score when McKee drove a hot one past McFadyen. Final score, 3-2. For Science, Lees got two goals, while McKee got one goal and one assist. For the Med crew Henry got one alone and assisted Wallace to get another. Close checking featured the game, Devaney getting only 10 shots and McFadyen 12.

Ag-Com-Law Win

In the second "A" League fixture, Ag-Com-Law downed Arts 2-1. Carty lost only about 30 seconds in getting the first goal past Harris, and scored again in the second on a pass from Hardacre. Goodwin got Arts' lone tally on a pass from Denovan. Borgal, Mitchell, and Darrah drew minor penalties, while Ussher and Hardacre had to be banished for mixing things quite freely.

Jack Leyne refereed both games.

In the final game Ag-Com-Pharm-Law tied Arts 3-3. Crosby, Dwarkin and Leyne scored for the winners, while MacLennan got all 3 for Arts. Bob Gibson handled the whistle.

Distinct Dominion tinge. Stark broke through a couple of times, but couldn't find the net, and in the last moments Talbot was robbed of a pretty try as Layetzka made a spectacular save.

Zender Looks Good

Varsity matched the Dominions in speed, but showed a great lack of finish when it came to scoring. Bob Zender turned in a great game on defence, handing out plenty of punishment as well as breaking fast when he got a chance. Despite this, however, the Varsity defence, rated as the best the team has had in several years, lapsed badly in the last two sessions and did not offer much protection to Goalie Maybank in the nets.

Summary

First period—No score. Penalties: Darkes.

Second period—1, Dominions, McTavish (Inkster), 4:00; 2, Dominions, Gillies (Walker), 10:00. Penalties: Gillies, Colville.

Third period—3, Varsity, Cruickshank (Stark), 0:45; 4, Dominions, Colville (Walker), 15:15.

Lineups

Varsity — Maybank, Talbot, Stark, Zender, Dunlap, Ferguson, Pryde, Scott, Cruickshank, Woywitka.

Dominions—Layetzke, Gauf, Gillies, Caldwell, Bowen, McTavish, Inkster, Soley, Darke, Walker.

Referee—Clarence Campbell.

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DOUG McINTYRE



Seniors Beat Redskins 43-34 in Exhibition Game

McINTYRE MEN TURN IN GOOD GAME

Cherrington Stars for Varsity as Overtowners Go Down to Defeat

Led by the lanky Jim Cherrington, Varsity centre, whose deadly shooting eye accounted for more than half of the green and gold's total, Doug McIntyre's Golden Bears turned back the "Y" Redskins 43-34 last night at the Varsity gym. The game was not as good as it could have been from the spectators angle, but the Varsity defensive system was very effective in dulling the shooting powers of the overtowners. The Bears' shooting was very ineffective, and had it not been for the stellar work of Jim Cherrington in finding the basket the Varsity team would have been far behind in the scoring column. The smooth working precision that comes later in the season will take these boys a long way in the provincial play-downs.

Redskins Fast

The Redskins have not decided to enter the Senior League yet; if they do there will be some good basketball to be seen here this winter. They have a fast, accurate shooting aggregation. Cherrington garnered in 24 points for Varsity. His shooting made him the most effective player on the Varsity team. Lees, Shipley and Kiewel muffed plenty of their chances for field baskets, but nevertheless were important factors in preventing the opposition gaining points.

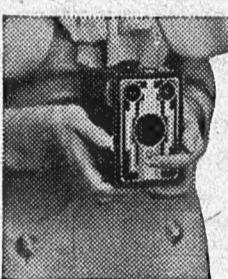
In the guard positions Richard and Woznow kept feeding the ball to the forwards and turned in nice work under the basket, taking the passes off the opposition in a masterful manner. Imrie and Hutton show promise of being able to keep their end up when called upon.

McIntyre Knows Game

Doug McIntyre made his first appearance of the season. There's no doubt he knows his basketball and will be a great asset in engineering plays. Out of fourteen free throws Varsity only scored three, while the Redskins

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